



ALL COMIC
DELL
ALL COMIC

10¢

CHRISTMAS

with

Mother Goose

by
WALT KELLY

52 pages
ALL COMICS!





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Advice



*Oh, never eat a holly wreath.
If you do you'll hurt your
teeth.*

*A Christmas wreath,
all made of holly,
Looks very, very, very
jolly.*



*Looks like it's fun to chew
like an old discarded shoe.*

*But leave alone these
yuletide rings,
One bite will
show—*



*it really
stings.*



The 3 BLIND MICE Play Santa



We always praised everything. We were perfect guests—willing and anxious to eat whatever the lady prepared.



And we chewed holes in the walls to ventilate them—it was hard work.

Right.

Right!



When cheese was caught in the mousetraps, who removed it at peril—great peril? Us!

Hear, hear!



Who cared so much for the cat that he flavored the milk with kerosene? Me! Ever thoughtful!

Hee hee!

How haw!



How interesting!

That's nothing—listen to this...



One time that silly cat was asleep on the sofa... Well, sir, the old man had left his pipe in the ash tray...



I picked up the pipe
and emptied the
hot ashes into—
ho, ho, hooo,
hooo!



Now get this—into—haw haw,
hoo—whoo boy! Into that
foolish cat's ear!
Haw, haw, haw!



And then what did
that silly cat do?

Hoop?



He leaped up in the air
like this and hollered

"HELP!"



Here they come,
on track five.

Yow!

Rowr!



You pesky cat! You tripped me into this puddle and I've spilled a lot of mail for Santa Claus!



Get on home, before I send you to the dead letter office. Now let's see, I'll have to pick up all these letters.



Guess I got them all—it's a good thing that neither snow nor rain nor falling in puddles can stay us.



Hey—he left one behind!

What of it? We can't read.



But, suppose it's an important letter—somebody will be disappointed.

Suppose it's a bill for a new fur coat...

Come on, put on your dark glasses—we have to make a little something for Christmas.

You mean you are going to beg—when we could be doing a good deed?



Well, that ends our friendship—oop—

Thank you, son.



A merry Christmas, my boy!



This looks like a pretty good corner.

I thought you were off delivering a letter?

See how they run—



What? And leave you in the middle of your Christmas rush? Hah—do you think I'm heartless? Besides, I can't read the address.



I heard your remark, little mouse, and I'll read the address—why, it's a letter from little Jack Horner!

He's sick in bed.

My land! And it's addressed to Santa Claus, at the North Pole!

Stop shoving! I'll thwack you a good one!

The North Pole is lovely at this time of the year—you can't let little Jack's letter lie here.

How can you? Little Jack is lying sick abed—dreaming of Santa—imagine! He thinks Santa will get his letter.

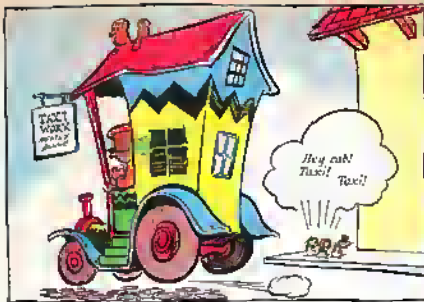
But what awaits him? An empty stocking—a cheerless, friendless Yuletide! Because that letter is not in Santa's hands!

I'll take it! I'll take it! I'm a hundred and nine tomorrow, but I'll take it through snow and ice!

Gosh, I'll take it myself.

Ale! I'll take it.





A scurrilous act of animadversion! These taxicabs never stop for mice! If I could write, I'd draft a letter to the mayor, if he could only read!



Friends, our duty is clear. There is nothing to do but to perform the charitable act of being Santa Claus ourselves.

Nothing is too good for Jack Horner—you both can be reindeer.

What's he going to be—a sleigh?

Three of us?



A few odds and ends from this trash barrel and I'll be a fine Santa Claus...and I'll find you two some horns.

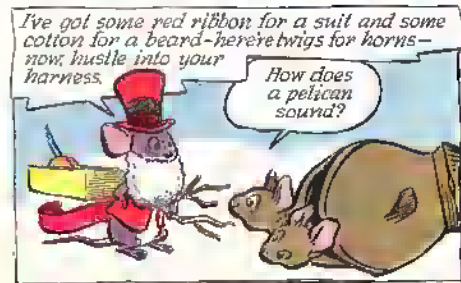
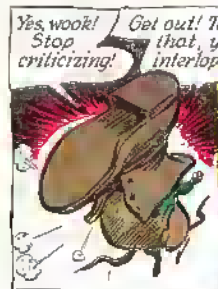
How can we ever thank you?



I'm not sure if I'd make a good deer, but I make a peachy pelican—look! Quack! Quack! Quack!

Humph!





A match box, safety pins, and string.
The finest sleigh in the world.

Sort of
flimsy,
isn't it?

What do you care? You're not
riding in it—it's me that
takes the risks.

Jingle bells—
jingle bells—



There's Jack Horner's little
house right ahead—have
you thought what you're
going to give him,
Santa?

Yes, I've been
chewing it
over.

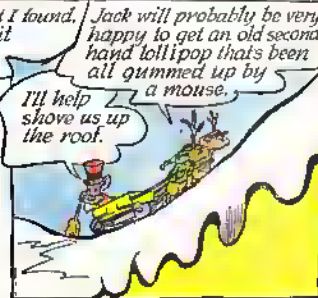


What
is it?

This old lollipop that I found.
Looks like I chewed it
over a little fine.

Jack will probably be very
happy to get an old second-
hand lollipop that's been
all gummed up by
a mouse.

I'll help
shove us up
the roof.



Well, here we are—
now, how do we
get down the
chimney?

We?
Hah!



Whoever
heard of
reindeer
sliding
down a
chimney?



Hey!

So we'll just
boost ol' Santa.



I'll just put this
cold water on
the fire to
warm up.



What on
earth!!



A mouse!
Yeek!

A lady!
Yeek!



Eee-yawp!



Get out of my house!



Now! Where'd he go? I'll go hard with that mouse when I find him!



I'd better hide someplace—what's this? A pie!



My sakes! He's disappeared!



Something's gone wrong—evidently Santa Claus didn't receive too warm a welcome—come on!



Yiye! That chimney must be full of mice!



You two won't get away!



Grrr! I'll eat you alive!

Boo! Boo!



Help! Savage monsters! They'll devour me!



That takes care of the cook...

Let's find our friend Santa Claus—do you suppose she parboiled him?

If she did, I hope he was tough.

Look—Jack Horner's bedroom!



Hello, Jack Horner!
Did you see
Santa Claus?

Santa
Claus?!

Why, Santa Claus was here
already— last night—the
night before Christmas Eve!

What? Why,
he just came
down the
chimney!

But he spent all
last evening here
so that we could
visit before he
became too busy.

My boy, never
contradict
a reindeer.

Jack must
know somehow
that we're not
reindeer.

We've lost our antlers—
we probably look
more like mice.

How about this Santa
Claus you were talkin'
about?

Well, I
guess he
was a
mouse,
too.

We're the Three Blind
Mice—we found your
Santa Claus letter—
we couldn't deliver
it so we had to play
Santa Claus for you.

But
OUR
Santa
is
missing!

Here's your pie, Jack—my goodness, are those mice?

Yes, mother! Two of the Three Blind Mice.

Ha, ha! The cook told me they were horrible monsters! But where's the third Blind Mouse?

He's lost!

We found Jack's letter and decided to play Santa and his reindeer.

That was just a "thank you" letter to Santa—Jack will write another—I wish we could find your little friends.

Something's in the pie!

The Third Blind Mouse!

Santa Claus!

Having you mice visit me is the best Christmas present of all—How'd you like to have this pie all for yourselves?

Thanks, thanks! And Merry Christmas!

Little Boy Blue AND *Little Girl Green*



*Where's little Boy Blue
On this bright
Christmas morn?
Why isn't he out
A-blowing his horn?*

*He's making no noise,
Not even a peep.
He's under the Christmas tree
Fast asleep.*

*And little Girl Green,
Who has looked high and low,
Says she's never seen
Anyone sleeping so!*





*Little Pup Purple,
There on the floor;
Heard nothing save
The little boy's snore.*



*Said little Girl
Green
To the little
toy dog,*

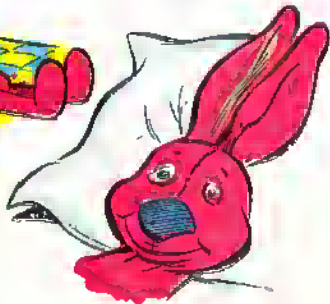


*"That boy is
sleeping
Like a little
yule log!"*

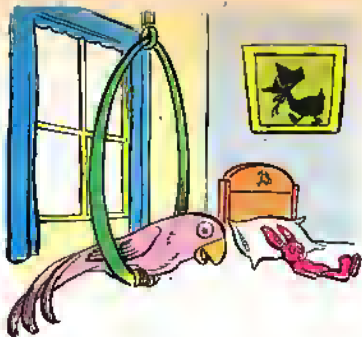


*And off in the bedroom,
Thrown on the bed,
Lay a funny-looking creature,
Little Rabbit Red.*

*"Of course he's sleepy!"
Thought little Rabbit Red.
"He was waiting for Santa
When he should have
been in bed!"*



*Over by the window,
Swinging in a ring,
Was little Parrot Pink,
A dainty little thing.*



*Cried little Parrot Pink,
"Oh, cock-a-doodle-doo!
Where, oh tell me where
Is that little Boy Blue?"*



*"I've looked out
the window
And underneath
the chair,
In the bureau
drawer
But he really
isn't there!"*



*Down on the floor
Sat little Girl Green,
"You're the nicest toys
I ever have seen."*



*She looked beneath the bureau
And, lying on his back,
Was another funny fellow.
A little yellow yak.*

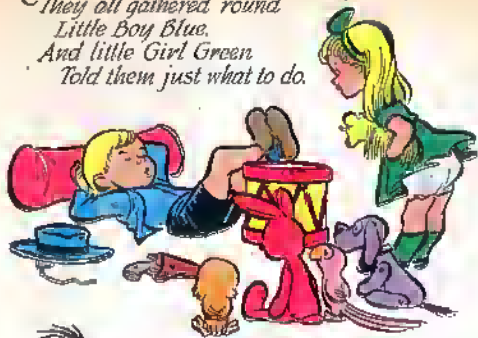


*"Oh, little Yak Yellow,
You're a funny little fellow.
Come, wake Boy Blue
With a tiny toy bellow."*

*High on the shelf
Sat a little orange owl.
And little Owl Orange
Gave a hooting little howl.*



*They all gathered 'round
Little Boy Blue,
And little Girl Green
Told them just what to do.*



*Little Pup Purple
Gave a yippy little roar:*



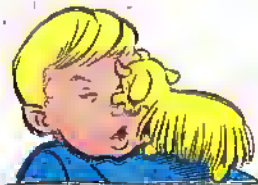
*Little Rabbit Red
Stamped his foot
on the floor.*



*Little Parrot Pink
Cried, "Wake, wake, wake!"*



*Little Yak Yellow
Gave his nose a
'Shake! Shake!
Shake!'*





*Little Owl Orange
Howled, "Hoo, hoo, hoo!"*

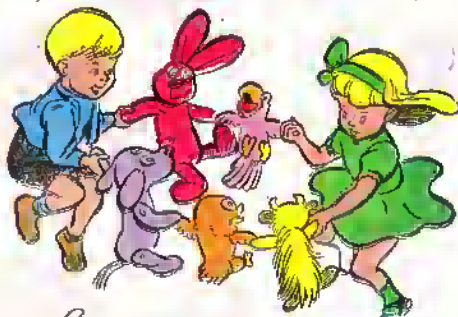


*And little Girl Green
Called, "Little Boy Blue!"*



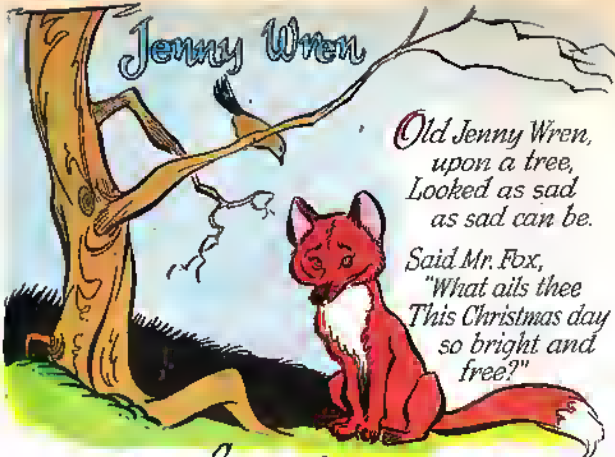
*"Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your
horn!"*

*"Everybody's here
For it's Christmas Morn!"*




*Little Boy Blue leaped to his feet
And each one gave a cheer.
They danced and sang, "Oh, Christmas
Is the best time of the year."*

Jenny Wren




*Old Jenny Wren,
upon a tree,
Looked as sad
as sad can be.*

*Said Mr. Fox,
"What ails thee
This Christmas day
so bright and
free?"*



*Said Jenny Wren,
"Of course I pine
For nuts and
cake and meat
so fine."*



*The fox grinned, "Come dine then with me."
"Thank you," said Jenny, "No dinner I'll be!"*



Simple Simon and the Wiseman



*One wise man of Gotham,
Upon a Christmas day,*



*Decided he'd a baker be.
He would bake pies for pay.*



*He baked as many pies as he
Could cram into his hat.*



*He filled it to the very brim
And then upon it sat.*



"For, I must keep them safe!"
 said he,
 A-looking very wise;
 And what could be more safe-o
 Than a bonnet full of pies?"



Along came Simple Simon then.
 The wise man called out bold,
 "in my hat there's naught
 but pies
 Just waiting to be sold."



"Good news, good news, good
 news indeed!"
 Our Simple Simon cried,



"But tell me, sir, how did
 your hat
 Get so completely pied?"



*The wise man sat and told him.
The tale went on and on...*



*And as he talked
they munched
and lunched—
Until the pies were gone.*



*Said Sim — Simon to the
pieman,
"Here, sir, here's a penny!"*



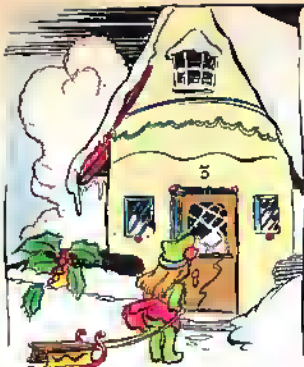
*"I'll buy a pie—"
and when they looked—
Indeed, there weren't any.*

3 Christmas Bears

Goldilocks left her home on a Christmas day.



Wandering up and down a wood, soon she lost her way.

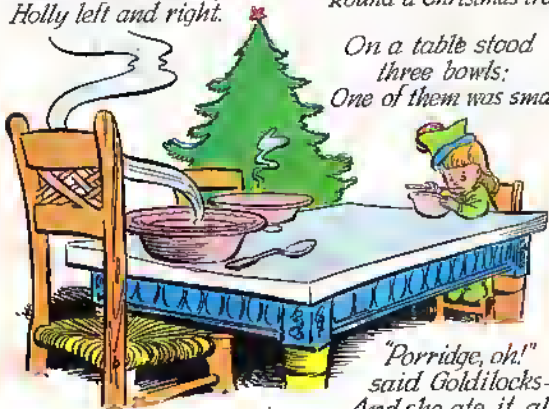


*Such a pretty house she found,
All the knobs were bright.
To the door a pathway led;
Holly left and right.*



*She opened wide the door and
What then did she see?
Presents gaily wrapped and piled
'Round a Christmas tree.*

*On a table stood
three bowls;
One of them was small.*



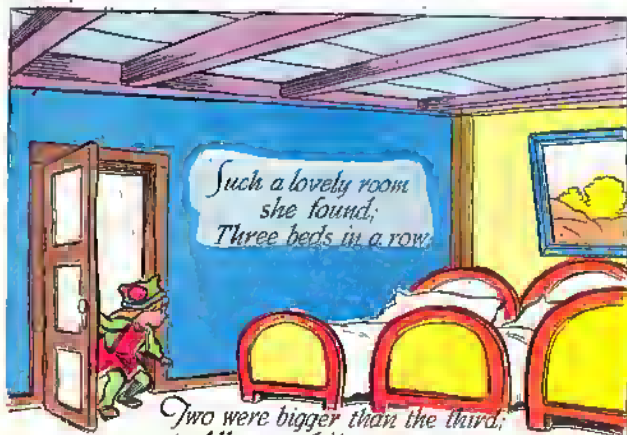
*"Porridge, oh!"
said Goldilocks—
And she ate it all.*



*Then she sat upon the chairs;
Very big were two;
So she chose the smallest;
Sat, and tumbled through.*



*Very frightened, up she jumped,
Left the broken chair;
Thought she'd see the bedroom next,
So she climbed the stair.*



*Two were bigger than the third;
All were white as snow.*



*One by one she tried them all,
Liked the small one best.*



*"This is nice!" said Goldilocks,
Lying down to rest.*



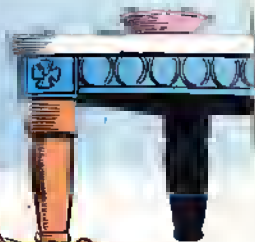
*By and by three bears came in. "Who's been here?" they cried.
"Look, my porridge all has gone!" Baby Cub Bear sighed.*



*"See our
chairs!"
cried Father
Bear.
"Who has been
on these?"*



*"First on mine
and then
on yours!
Without a
single
please!"*



*"Father! Mother! Just look here!"
Cried the baby bear.
Quick they turned their heads to look,
Saw the broken chair.*



*Goldilocks from slumber sound
Wakened in a fright!*



*One by one she saw
the bears
Slowly come in sight.*



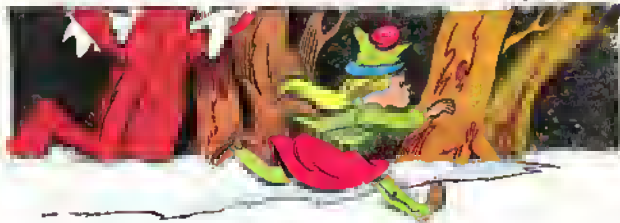
*Quick as thought poor Goldilocks
Leapt from out her bed,
Jumped upon the chest of drawers;
Through the window fled.*



The bears all stared,



Then gave a laugh so gay.

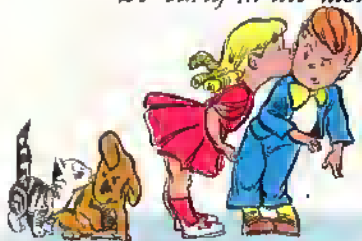


For they would not hurt anyone upon a Christmas day.

All Around The Christmas Tree



*Here we go 'round the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree, the Christmas tree,
Here we go 'round the Christmas tree
So early in the morning.*

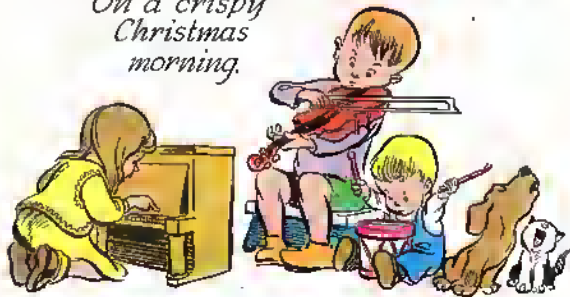


*This is the way we
Greet our friends,
Greet our friends,
Greet our friends,
This is the way we
Greet our friends
All on a Christmas
morning.*

All Around The Christmas Tree



*This is the way we go to church,
Go to church, go to church,
This is the way we go to church
On a crispy
Christmas
morning.*



*This is the way we caroling go, caroling go, caroling go,
This is the way we caroling go
All on a Christmas morning.*



All Around The Christmas Tree



*This is the way we fetch the log,
The yule log, the yule log,
This is the way we fetch a log
For a Christmas fire at evening.*



*This is how we give our thanks,
Give our thanks, give our thanks,
This is how we give our thanks
For a Christmas day so pleasing.*

See Saw-Sacar a Down



*See saw, sacar a down,
Which is the way to
Boston Town?*

*One foot up, the
other foot down,
That is the
way to
Boston Town.*

*See saw, sacar a down,
What is the way to
fall on your
crown?*

*Both feet up, the other
end down,
That is the way to fall
on your crown!*



*See saw, sacar a down,
Rigger dee froppis,
Dee dipple dee down,
With one foot up and
the other down,
No one ever needs
to frown.*



Miss CROSS PATCH on Christmas Eve



*Cross Patch,
draw the latch,
Do you sit by the
fire and pout?
Do you take your
cup
And drink it up
And lock the
neighbors out?*

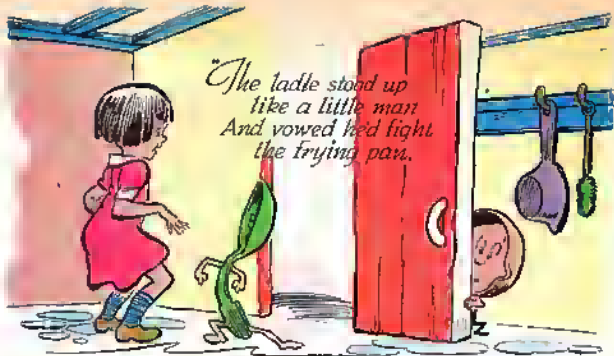


*"May! Christmas Eve
I turned the spit.
I burned my fingers—
I feel it yet!"*

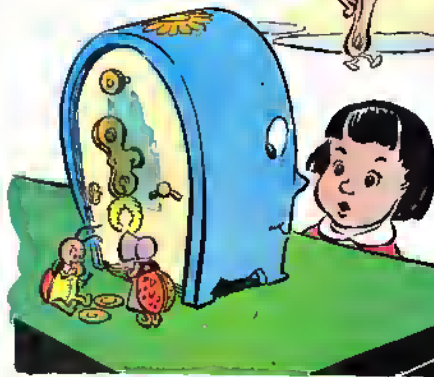


*"The rock sparrow flew over the table,
The pot began to play with the ladle."*

*The ladle stood up
like a little man
And vowed he'd fight
the frying pan.*



*The frying pan,
behind the door,
Said he never saw
the like before.*



*The kitchen
clock I was
going to wind,
Said he never
saw the like
behind.*



"I fell upon the kitchen
floor
And laughed until my
sides were sore.

"A neighbor peering
through the latch
Said, 'Goodness! Can that
'be Miss Patch?'"

"So straight away
on Christmas day
I sat by the fire
to grin—

I took a cup and
drank it up
And called the
neighbors in."

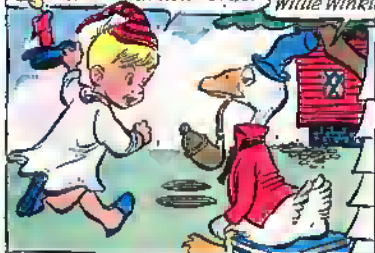


Geminy's Christmas



Hello, Goosey Gander! Are your children in their beds?

I reckon so, Willie Winkie.



It's eight o'clock!



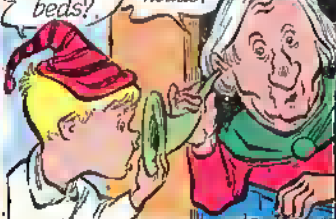
Good evening, madam. Are your children in their beds?

How's that, young man?



Are your children in their beds?

Stand my children on their heads?



What a ridiculous suggestion! I will not wake my children at this time of the night for that!



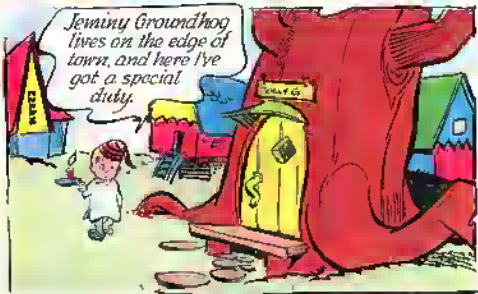
Deck the halls with

And besides, I have no children!

Upstairs and downstairs in my nightgown for what? To be insulted!



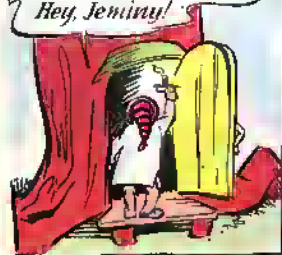
Jeminy Groundhog lives on the edge of town, and here I've got a special duty.



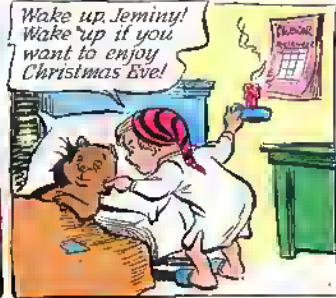
He wants me to wake him up! He always has slept through Christmas before this.

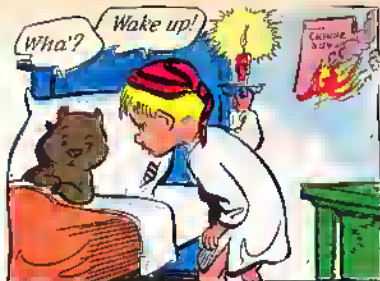


He doesn't even know what Christmas is like. Hey, Jeminy!



Wake up, Jeminy! Wake up if you want to enjoy Christmas Eve!





Wha'?

Wake up!

Why-why!
That calendar
is afire!



I must have touched
it with the candle.



No harm done except to a
few months on the calendar



Come on, Jeminy! Christmas!
Christmas, Jeminy,
Christmas!



Only one thing to do-Get you
on your feet and you might
wake up.



Come on, wake up, Groundhog, if you want to enjoy Christmas.



All right! All right! I'm awake!

Good—! Because I have other things to do.

Hope you enjoy your first Christmas.

Ho hum—yes, indeed—good-bye—yooooo whum!

Well, I hope Jeminy remembers what I woke him up for...

Let's see—what did he wake me up for—?

Maybe if I look at the calendar it will refresh my memory—oop!



It's late in March!

If it's that late, I'd better hurry—I promised to help the Easter Bunny.



My sakes! It's pretty brisk weather for early Spring—Easter will be cold—and what are these children doing?

Good King Wenceslaus—



What's the singing for?

For the holidays, of course.

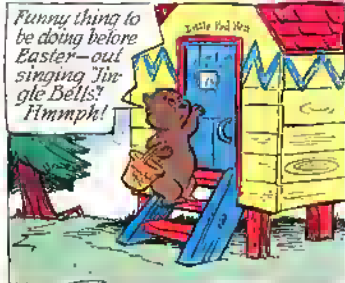
Want us to sing 'Jingle Bells'?



Sorry—I have to help prepare some Easter eggs.



Funny thing to be doing before Easter—out singing 'Jingle Bells'? Hmmp!



Who's there?

Owp!



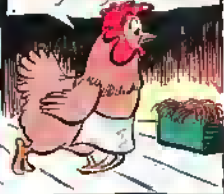
It's me, the groundhog.
I need some eggs for
the Easter Bunny.

Red Hen



I promised
I would
help.

It's a strange request
just at this time of
the year, but I guess I
can give you some.



Does the rabbit
need these for a
holiday cake?

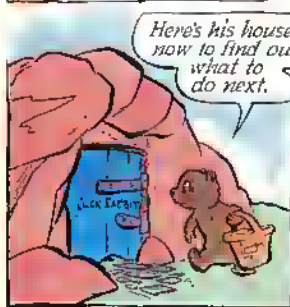
No, he wants me
to decorate them
and hide them for
children to find.

My word!
For the
holiday?

Right!
For the
holiday.

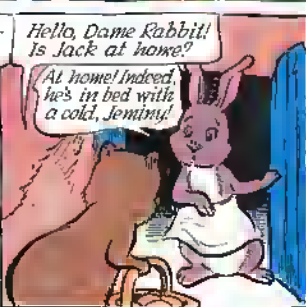


Here's his house—
now to find out
what to
do next.

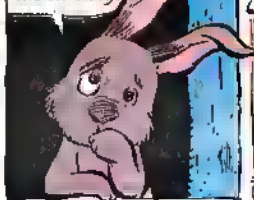


Hello, Dame Rabbit!
Is Jack at home?

At home! Indeed,
he's in bed with
a cold, Jeminy!



Oh, dear—it looks like he'll be in bed through the holiday.



Our children will be disappointed—so I'll see if I can't fix a cure. Good-bye, Jeminy.



Your children and all the children! My goodness, this is a pickle!

I've a plan! I can still save Easter! First I'll rush home...



And I'll paste on a couple of paper rabbit ears.



Now to fix the eggs.



There! An egg for Mary Contrary.



Easter eggs delivered to most of the children, but little Betty Blue doesn't have a mailbox—I'd better creep in her house and hide the egg.

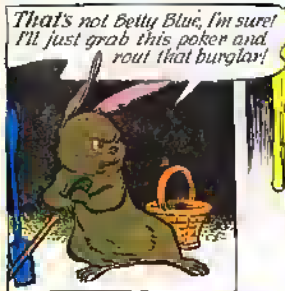




That's funny—
a light in the
other room.



Humph, a fat
old party in
red pajamas.



That's not Betty Blue, I'm sure!
I'll just grab this poker and
rout that burglar!



Out! Out!
You thief!

Shhh!



Well, well, if it isn't
Jeminy Groundhog!
And with paper
rabbit ears!

Gosh—
how'd
you
know?



Why, I'm Santa Claus, Jeminy! And
I've seen you often. Each Christ-
mas I stop 'round and leave you
a gift, but you've always been
asleep.

Gosh!

Thanks—but why are you so late this year?..I'm delivering Easter eggs!

Ho, ho! So that's why you're dressed up like a rabbit!

Sure! Jack Rabbit is in bed with a cold and I felt that somebody should...

Jeminy, you're a real friend!



But you're mixed up. See, there is a Christmas tree—it's Christmas, Jeminy, not Easter!

Gee, this is my first Christmas!

Jeminy, how would you like to help me?

Golly, so it is!



You be my helper for the rest of the night—ride in the sleigh and then visit my North Pole castle for Christmas—I'll get you home again.

Oh, Gosh!

People like you, who try to help others, should have little rewards now and then—up, Dancer!



And Merry Christmas.

Who's In What?



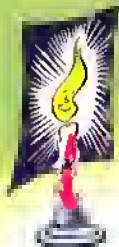
Hogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;



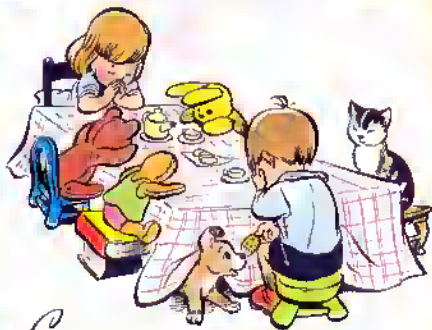
*Cow's in the
cornfield,
Run, boys, run;*



*Cat's in the cream pot, run, girls, run —
But when Santa's in the chimney—
The fun's begun.*



Christmas GRACE



*God bless the master of this house,
The mistress bless also,
And all the little children
That round the table go.
And all your kin and kinsmen
That dwell both far and near:
I wish you a merry Christmas
And a bright and happy year.*